

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., August 18, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

The law requiring two Magistrates to sit as an examining court in case of felonies should be repealed. When a Judge examines a felony charge he need not associate with him another Judge, and why the same rule will not answer as to a Magistrate can not be readily seen. The rule requiring two Magistrates results in confusion, is costly, and is of no practical good. Their fees are \$2 each a day, and the Court of Appeals has decided that ten minutes is a day in the meaning of the fee law, and this fee must be paid out of the State Treasury. The amount paid annually out of Treasury to examining courts must be very large. By giving the power to one Magistrate instead of two, the amount, whatever it may be, will be reduced one-half. But in its practical results, only one Magistrate decides the case anyway. We pay for two, but only get the decision of one. Section 71 of the code provides, among other things, that, "If they do not concur in the opinion that there are reasonable grounds for believing the defendant to be guilty of a public offence, he shall be discharged." If they differ as to the sum in which the defendant should be held to bail, he shall be held in the smaller sum.

If they differ in the decision of any other question, the decision most favorable to the defendant shall prevail."

From this it will be seen that one Magistrate decides the case, the one that is most favorable to the accused. If the other one is equally favorable, all well; but if not, he has no voice in the case.

What possible good can such a law be? It only adds costs to prosecutions, and gives an opportunity to get a friend or a sympathizer on the bench, or some illiterate or soft-hearted Magistrate who will rule in favor of the accused.

In prosecutions the Commonwealth has no friends, and can only be heard by its officers. The recent action of some examining courts in cases of murder, show that reform is much needed in this kind of procedure.

The Commonwealth does not vote, nor does it stand at the polls all day and hoop the boys up. There is no danger of the Commonwealth getting the best of anybody or thing, and as long as the people rule there is no fear that any officer who gets office from them will become oppressive and commit persons to trial when they are innocent. Reform in our criminal procedure is much needed, and nowhere worse than in the examining courts. The wrong done there to law and good order is hard to overcome, and such being the case there should be more and better checks no those courts—[Courier Journal].

DICK TATE's majority climbs upward still. One hundred and eight counties give a vote as follows: Tate, 99,916; F. J., 35,702. Majority of Tate, 63,914, with ten counties to be heard from. It will be observed, says the Louisville Times, that age does not wither nor custom stale the old man's habit of getting there every time.

THE Louisville Exposition opened Saturday with a grand flourish of trumpets. It was nearer completion than on any previous opening day and everything moved smoothly and gratifyingly.

THE Louisville Commercial is out in a new dress and has added several new features to the already pleasing make-up. The Commercial is a good paper if it is a kicker from away-back.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Alex. S. Walker, a prominent farmer of Jessamine county, has become insane.

The small pox is epidemic at Montreal. One hospital contains 30 patients.

The annual wheat show of Kentucky producers will be held at Frankfort September 2.

Sneak-thieves stole \$10,000 in gold coins from the San Jose (Cal.) Safe Deposit Bank of Savings.

James Horace Jones was hanged at Troy, N. Y., Friday for the murder of his wife on July 3, 1884.

Commissioner Miller has virtually repealed the seven months clause of the whiskey excise period.

Waldo F. Emerson, who served in the U. S. Senate before the war and afterwards in the Confederate Senate, died Saturday at Oseola, Mo.

Villa has gone to Wisconsin for a month's recreation, during which time no appointments will be made in postmasters under his control.

P. J. Siccam, who with a female school teacher, has established a very salacious reputation at Horse Cave, is in jail for murder and perjury.

Henry Freze, the negro murderer who was executed at Galtensburg, Friday, met his fate without a shudder, believing that it was foreordained that he should die that way.

Ann Hogan (colored) died near Vicksburg, Sunday, at the age of 120 years. Her peculiarity was her hair, which was three feet long, a sample of which was on exhibition at the World's Exposition.

P. M. General Vilas put in a good day Friday by ousting 147 fourth-class postmasters. There were two changes in Kentucky—W. J. Miller, Ross, Campbell Co., and W. E. Ginn, Arabi, Lincoln Co.

The good citizens of Rowan county have held a meeting and passed resolutions which show that they do not sympathize with the lawless crowd, and which give us assurance that they will do all in their power to secure the conviction and punishment of the law breakers.

The games of base ball played on the Montgomery grounds on the 14th and 15th between the home team and the Harrodsburg boys drew a large crowd and the first game proved to be a very exciting contest. The game played on the 15th was very tame, the home team being badly left. The first game stood as follows:

FIRST GAME.
Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10-T
Harrodsburg..... 0 1 4 1 0 1 0 0 0 11
Stanford..... 1 0 3 0 0 5 1 1 0 1-12
Earned Runs—Stanford 2; Harrodsburg 1.
Two-base Hits—Stanford—White, Nelson and Duan.
Two-base hits—Harrodsburg—Shriever.
Passed Balls—Stanford 0; Harrodsburg 1.
Wild Pitch—Hume 1; Brucker 2.
First Base on Balls—Stanford 2; Harrodsburg 1.
First Base on Errors—Stanford 1; Harrodsburg 0.
Struck Out—By Brucker 6; Hume 21.
Batter Hit—Hume 2; Brucker 5.

In this game Hume did some of his finest pitching, which is evidenced by his having struck out 21 men. He is considered the best pitcher in the League. It is unnecessary to speak of little George Dunn; he always does well. He came the bat five times and scored four times, making a base hit each time. Nelson, White and Robison did some very fine hitting. R. G. Evans, Umpire; T. P. Hill, Jr., Scorer.

The second game played, on the 15th, stood as follows:

SECOND GAME.
Innings..... 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10-T
Harrodsburg..... 2 1 0 4 0 0 0 0 1-10
Stanford..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1
Earned Runs—Harrodsburg 1; Stanford 1.
Two-base Hits—Stanford—White; Harrodsburg; Italian.
Passed Balls—0.
Wild Pitch—Hume 2.
First Base on Balls—2.
Struck Out—Hume 10; Brucker 7.
Batter Hit—Hume 1; Brucker 1.
Hervey Helm, Umpire; Priest, Scorer.

The home team has been strengthened by the signing of another pitcher to assist Hume and the next game will be played at the Montgomery grounds between the home team and the Danville boys next Friday, August 21st, at 3 o'clock.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—Seed Rye, 150 bushels for sale. J. E. Bruce, Stanford.

—A. M. Feland sold to J. O. Cook, of Iowa, 12 head of yearling bulls for \$300. Spears Fisher goes with them.

—FOR SALE.—Twenty-four first-class ewes, ready for market or breeding. Call on or apply to M. Speed Peyton, Stanford, Ky.

—Smith & Anderson, Danville, Ky., have a superior article of Fault seed wheat for sale. Only one year removed from the Northern seed.

—WANTED.—One hundred mules to feed, upon reasonable terms; have plenty of corn and oats to fatten them. Addressee, John W. Miller, Lancaster, Ky.

—R. W. Givens & Son sold to Lehman of Baltimore, 25 head of extra nice Eastern cattle at \$50c. They will be taken this week, and will weigh between 1,600 and 1,700 lbs. It is an extra nice bunch.—[Ad vocate.]

—Every oleomargarine manufacturer in the country will be pleased to learn that the world renowned butter producer, "Princess 21," is dead. Her record was a yield of forty six pounds iron and a half ounces of butter in seven days. Her owner refused \$25,000 for her, and an offer of \$10,000 for one of her calves.—[Loc. Times.]

—DANVILLE COURT.—No cattle on market; about 100 head common mules, very few old and those that did sell went very low, at from \$100 to \$125 for 15 hand mules, 15½ to 16 from \$125 to \$150; plain cotton mules from \$75 to \$100; no horses. Crowd very small and no business of importance.

—The Georgia Farmers' Convention decided to send a committee to the American Exposition, to be held in London in 1886, to gather information on agricultural and mechanical matters, to inquire into agricultural progress in England and the continent, and to aid in the establishment of direct trade between European and Georgia ports.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Andy Rice passed through town last week with about 40 head of aged mules he had purchased in Laurel and Rockcastle counties at prices ranging from \$100 to \$140 per head.

—Flux is prevalent in this neighborhood;

two deaths from it in the family of Joseph Adams last week. Mrs. Bobbitt, the aged mother of F. F. Bobbitt, and W. T. Stevenson are among the latest cases reported.

—One day last week our old friend, J. T. Lasley, was seen hurrying along Main street with something like a broad grin upon his comely visage, and upon inquiry it was ascertained that he was the happy father of twins. Tom, old boy, we congratulate you.

—The Governor's ball at the Springs last Friday night was quite an enjoyable affair. A large crowd was in attendance, all the neighboring towns were well represented and the spread all that the most fastidious could desire. The fun was kept up long after the "we sum's" hour."

—It was our pleasure to be present on Friday, the last day of the Fair at Richmond, and can say of a truth that old Madison can "take the cake" when it comes to fine horses and pretty women. A large crowd was in attendance, estimated at from \$8,000 to 10,000. We are indebted to Gov. James B. McCleary for a good dinner at directors' booth.

—Will S. Hays, who was acting conductor on bus to C. O. Springs on day last week, ran over Judge Carson's little red hog and killed it. The Judge demanded pay for his hog of the "poet." Hays told the Judge to bring up the pig and he would settle. The Judge gave a negro boy 25 cents to carry the pig to the Springs on his shoulder and sent Mr. Hays the following characteristic note:—"Hers is your Dad dian red hog. Send me \$2.50." The Judge is of opinion that the boy will do all in their power to secure the conviction and punishment of the law breaker.

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GEO. O. BARNES.

More of Naples—Predictions of the Reunion of Ephraim and Manasseh.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

Then dear Newbery drove us up to Fort St. Elmo, that crowns the highest eminence commanding Naples. You must know that the glorious city is built upon ridges, sloping towards the beautiful bay, like radii of a circular spoke in a wheel—as well as upon the flat plain, that lies at the point where they all converge. Perched upon one of these summits, St. Elmo is perhaps the most conspicuous object in all pictures of the city. The view from its lofty battlements is unrivaled. For 500 years or more, it too was a fortress of successive tyrannies, but now—like most of its kind, under the new regime, of government running parallel with the will of a cheerful, obedient people transformed into a prison for military criminals. Its massive walls, its galleries woven through the solid rock; its almost unassailable position, must have made it practically impregnable in the olden times. But it fell without a shot fired before Garibaldi and only 1,000 men, shouting "Victory!" ran through the streets of Naples, with almost as much ease as Jerico before the blast of rams' horns and the simultaneous uplifted voice of Israel's host. A grand day for Italy, that, when the grand patriot General, with his little handful of heroes, cast himself upon the crest of the popular wave, that with irresistible power swept the tyrant Bourbons from his throne, and released 60,000 imprisoned victims of tyranny from their gloomy dungeons.

One singular effect we noticed in looking down from St. Elmo's castle heights upon the city. So narrow are the streets, all seems a solid mass of buildings and no apertures between, save one long avenue that runs perpendicularly from the fortress, and that seems to cleave the great city into two nearly equal divisions, running athwart the solid blocks of buildings like a great rent or fissure. It has the name of "Split Naples street" in addition to its regular cognomen.

Naples has no water works and aqueducts, as in other more favored places, but a small canal runs through the city, where, under cover one can see a strange sight. A row of washerwomen half a mile in length, cleansing the soiled linen of Naples at the same flowing stream. What the rules of purification are I know not, but one shudders at the thought that perhaps his under garments may possibly be manipulated by the functionaries at the lower end of the row; and stands abashed at the reflection of what aggregated filth his "washing" must run the gauntlet of. It is marvel what soap can do against such old. But I was glad not to have any washing done in Naples, though linen is as spotless there, after manipulation, as elsewhere. A "fiance" grows into a very solid "fact" as one regards, in a musical way, that picturesque row of washerwomen, plying their un-savory trade.

We rode down from St. Elmo to a convenient spot, and I walked in full view of the bay, with the invariable accompaniment of sweet music (I heard no discord in Naples) this time from a very brigandish looking fellow with a week's growth of unshaven black beard to give him a villainous look, eyes like jet, teeth white as ivory; hair unkempt; dirty and ragged, but with a voice like Bellini or Sims Reeves, and an exquisite touch of his guitar. Although he received gratuities, he seemed to be simply playing because it gave him enjoyment; at times executing a pirouette of ecstatic gratification, or a graceful step of the Tarantella at some particularly touching passage of his beautiful song. I noticed this absence of merely mechanical music, in all who played and sang for us. I am sure the expression of pleasure could not have been simulated. It was too genuine. The fact is the Neapolitan is a born child of song and sings sea canary does; for pure joy in bearing his own voice. Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.

CANVILLE, BOONE COUNTY.

—Smiley sells the cheapest and best coal Office corner 3d and Green streets.

—Sells bro's workmen are here to-day putting up bails for the circus which is to be here Sept. 31.

—The colored Baptist association all journeyed yesterday. Father A. J. Bryan preached to large congregations at the Catholic church yesterday morning and night.

—The will of Geo. V. Calvert was ordered to recite in the county court this morning. Dr. Fayette Dunlap was qualified as administrator of Dr. R. W. Dunlap deceased.

—The Somerset and Danville base ball clubs met here again Saturday when the Danville won. Score 9 to 6. The Danville and Harrodsburg base ball club will play a game here to-morrow—Tuesday.

—The reported marriage of Miss Lutie Duke, of this place, to Mr. Speed Goodloe of Lexington, was untrue and a rude and heartless joke on a most estimable young lady and worthy gentleman. Miss Duke is in Independence, Mo., visiting her sister, Mrs. G. L. Chisman. Some creature imposed the hoax on a reporter of the Lexington Transcript and in that paper it first appeared.

—Dr. Thos. E. Pickett, of Mayville, has presented to the Boyle County Historical Society, a handsomely executed bronze fac simile of the great seal of the Confederate States. It is of circular form with the words "Confederate States of America" at the top of the circle and at the bottom the Latin motto *Deo Vindice*. In the center is a military figure on horseback. The seal is enclosed in a handsome velvet case, such as are used for miniatures.

—The Danville public school begins Wednesday, Sept. 21. Miss Lucy Welsh is principal and Miss Della McFerran assistant. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cecil and children, Mrs. Granville Cecil and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Caldwell and children and Miss Mary McRoberts are at Rock Castle Springs. Mrs. Addie K. Davie of Louisville, who has been visiting the family of Felix Fisher, went home Saturday. Misses Mollie and Julia McCarley, of Adairsville, Logan county, are visiting Mrs. Amanda Orlif, near town. Mr. Harry Briggs has been added to the clerks force of the First National Bank.

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L. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:00 P. M.
" South	1:40 P. M.
Express train South	1:52 A. M.
" North	2:05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time about 29 minutes later.

LOCAL NOTICES.

GUY,
Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY the Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style, Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Brown's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it your money will be refunded.

PERSONAL.

GROSVENOR CURRAN has been very ill of dyspepsia.

MR. G. C. DUNCAN, of Wyo., was here last week.

REV. P. T. HALE is spending the week at Dripping Springs.

GEORGE MASON, of Chicago, was with his friends here yesterday.

MRS. G. A. LACKEY returned from a visit to Louisville yesterday.

MR. LIOU SINGLETOR and wife, of Cleville, Kan., were here last week looking well.

MISS RACHEL ALLISON and Mrs. Curtis, of Georgetown, are guests of Mrs. Stephen Burch.

MRS. MARY AND MATTIE HARRIS, of Washington, are visiting the family of Mr. Geo. Vaughn.

MISS ANNIE WOOD, of Danville, is visiting Miss Maggie Lee Saunders and other friends here.

MRS. J. T. GANO, of Dallas, Texas, arrived on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Capt. E. T. B. Chester, Saturday night.

MR. CHARLES SMITH, wife and little daughter, Emma, of Richmond, have been visiting the family of Mr. John M. Hill.

MISS KATE LOOGAN and Mrs. Fannie Kuhnman moved into the Walton store room on Lancaster street yesterday and are opening out millinery.

MR. SAM COWAN and wife, of St. Joseph, Mo., have been visiting Sherid J. N. Menard. Mr. Cowan was formerly of Frankfort, but is now clerk of the city court of St. Joe.

LOCAL MATTERS.

CIGAR MILLS and cigar boxes at W. H. Higgins.

NEW LINE OF FEDS and VALVES at Bruce & McRoberts.

FRUIT JARS and cans at lower prices at T. R. Walton's.

BUTTER being manufactured in seed wheat, Higgins & Carran.

MISSES and children should see our new stock of school slates just received. Bruce & McRoberts.

HENRY—Two hundred and fifty tons and forty well-burned, for sale by Henry Higgins.

NOTES. Ladies, if you come to attend school, buy their TRUNKS and VALSES from us. Price & McRoberts.

TO PERSONS knowing themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle at once as I need the money. H. C. Rupley.

MR. D. WEAHER is agent for the best coal ever sold in Stanford. He will also furnish the cheaper goods to all who desire such at low prices as any dealer in the market.

We never claim that Stanford is a pretty town, but there is no denying it is pretty now, being painted a gorgeous red with Sell's circus hills, announcing their coming Sept. 2.

If there was any local news about yesterday we were unable to get hold of it from any of those who are supposed to know such items, so we went to press without any.

A NEGRO named William Walker, aged 14, was put in jail Saturday evening charged with detaining a negro girl against her will. This kind of business seems to be epidemic here at present.

Our readers will excuse us for devoting so much space to the Cave trip, for it is a ground hog case. The paper had to come out on time and we had to write of what we were the fullest of. We promise not to have another description of Mammoth Cave this century.

THE Junction City Camp Meeting begins on the 25th. Sells Brothers' Circus is a holy combination compared to it and the thing ought to be suppressed as a public nuisance. It only a trap way of making money and the methods are not considered in the desire to obtain it.

THE Governor's Ball at Crab Orchard is described as one of the grandest events of the kind ever occurring there. Four hundred persons were present and everything was lovely. A feature of the occasion was the presentation by Mr. J. Ostenheimer, founder of the German & Swiss Colonies in this county, of a beautiful bouquet with handsome silk badge attached bearing the compliments of the Colonies, to each guest and in a wide circle of flowers to Guy Kart. Owing to the fact that he had to take in the passing of the Louisville Express, the Governor had to hurry off on the 25th, leaving much to the regret of the citizens of the State. Would ever the

MAMMOTH CAVE

A Merry Party of Excursionists Thereof. The early hour of 2:05 Friday morning saw the following happy party of excursionists left Stanford in their special car for Mammoth Cave: Mrs. Lou Shanks, Mrs. Kate Carrithers, Mrs. Geo. H. Bruce, Mrs. W. P. Walton, Misses Sabra Pennington, Lizzie Bright, Lula McKinney, Belle Root, Sallie VanDever, Mamie Chenuit, Ada Fellowe, Daley Burnside, Allie Hubble, Ralfe Callaway, Lizzie and Rhoda Portman, Annie and Ella Shanks, Lizzie Farris, Susie Root and Messrs. W. B. McRoberts, W. H. Higgins, J. S. Hocker, E. B. Hayden, W. G. Hubble and the writer to be joined at Lebanon by Miss Mary Folger. The sun rose brightly in a cloudy sky, giving a number of the lazier members of the party a chance to see an unusual sight to them, for they never before old till he is far on his daily journey. The trip to Lebanon Junction was soon made and there was experienced the only even slight discomfort of the trip, a four hours' wait at that God forsaken place. We managed to pass the hours very pleasantly, however, and the time did not seem so long, though all of us were happier when Captain Turner's train switched into the side track and took us to more inviting fields, arriving at Cave City at 12:41. There we took stages and after a by no means disagreeable ride of two hours and a half over a much better road than we had expected to find we landed at the Mecca of our journey at 5 o'clock.

The hotel and cottages bear the impress of age and are very antiquated in appearance, but they are beautifully arranged in a grove of sturdy oaks, from whose boughs a number of swings and hammocks are suspended and around and among which are shady walks and lovely croquet grounds. A very good supper revived our somewhat exhausted energies and all were ready at the call of the bell for a march through the short route of the cave. And now the real fun begins. The ladies had donned the customary suits and the figures they cut were tantamount to a degree. In fact the whole party looked like animals escaped from the menagerie and bore so strong a resemblance to certain beasts that each suggested his or her own name. We give them below and offer a prize of \$10 to any person outside of the party who can place them correctly. We start out with a loving pair of polar bears, in charge of a keeper, much interested in the performances of one at least of the pair, a beautiful giraffe, two Jumbos, a baby elephant, a kangaroo, a monkey, a lion, a pair of tawny, a deer, a little gazelle, a red-headed wood pecker, a small pet squirrel in charge of an outraging orang outang, the great, original and only flip-up the creek. Barnum's "what is it?" two deer, a rabbit, a boar, an elk, a badger, a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros. Name them and take the whole lot or a ten dollar bill if you prefer.

NOTES. There never was a more sociable party, or one that gave itself up more thoroughly to enjoying everything that came along.

Mrs. Shanks suffered a severe ankle sprain, but managed to see most of the long route with the aid of the guide's staff and the assistance of friends. She was so good humored and thankful that it became a pleasure to help her hop along.

Mr. Frank Harris assisted us from first to last. The special car was gotten through his instrumentality and he telegraphed permission to us to whom care we were entrusted. If the tanks of warm beer is any recommends for his kindness, he can feel that forever. The L. & N. is the best road anyway and she has none but first-class officers and men.

NOTES. At the regular "shash," but the way one or two of them got away with a little "heisenberg" was a common in sweet-scented daisies. The youth who takes a Stanford girl, or any of our party, for a dish of the sucker variety will get picked up, if you will excuse the slang, and "blow" you forget it.

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and bye" fell upon the bushy and awful surroundings, emotions stirred the breast akin to what we imagine they will be when we hear that sweetest of songs beyond the grave. The Bottomless Pit, the River Styx, the Infernal Regions, Lake Lethe, which one of the hangars on to our party understood to be "Lake Levi," and dispelled the illusion by persisting to call it so, Valley of Humility, Fat Man's Misery, the Snow Cloud, the Last Rose of Summer, the Dining Table, where we partook of lunch, the Cork Screw were each enjoyed in their turn, while the solemn stillness reverberated with the laughter and jests of the merry eighteens. It was a day long to be remembered and the majority of our party will not cease to tell about it till death shall close their lips forever.

Another delightful night's rest and we turned our unwilling eyes homeward. The stage ride over the mountain was cheerful and exhilarating and we arrived at Cave City in time to partake of a refreshing dinner, though our party of 27 found it hard to get accommodations from the grumpy and impulsive old master who presides over the hostelry. Our train came on in due time and our special car was taken from the side track, which it had remained during our stay. We were all looking forward with gloomy forebodings to the five hours lay off at Lebanon Junction, when the conductor came in at Gladale with a message from our staunch friend, Mr. Frank Harris, Chief Train Dispatcher, asking if we would like to come on from the Juno attached to the fast freight. There was joy as in heaven with the angels as we sent a glad "yes and thank you too," and Mrs. Harris could have heard all the good things said by the ladies about her husband, she would either have felt very proud or very jealous. The good man kindly held the freight for us and with hardly a delay of a minute at the Junction we sped on our homeward-bound journey with happy and thankful hearts. The young people amused themselves in running and jumping from one coal car to the other and enjoying to its fullest extent this novel experience in railroad travel. At 9:30 o'clock we arrived at Stanford, grateful indeed to the Giver of every good gift for giving us such fine weather, such kind friends and so bright an experience to gladden our lives. A few more moments and we were in our own couches, sleeping the sleep of those who are conscious of having enjoyed the good things of life without abusing them.

NOTES. There were four additions to the Baptist church here Sunday.

MR. JOHN BELL GIBSON received a telegram from Eld. J. S. Steeney saying that he was still sick and that it was best to indefinitely postpone the meeting which was to begin last night.

MR. J. G. LIVINGSTON closed his meeting at Holdam's Mill, Sunday night, having won 45 souls to Jesus. It is said to have been one of the most interesting meetings ever held in the section.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LUMBER!

All classes of Building Material for sale at my premises on the Bostonville pike.

47-Jm F. REID, Stanford.

TO BUILDERS!

All parties wanting bulk or stone work of any kind done will find it to their advantage to communicate with C. W. BOYD, Halls Gap, Ky.

47-Jm J. W. WEATHERFORD.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale privately my Farm, lying immediately on the pike between Milliganville and Stanford, containing 271 acres of first-rate Blue Grass Land. The Farm is in a good state of cultivation: fences and buildings good repair; 40 acres in grass; 50 acres in corn. Rent pays over \$1000 per year and taxes \$100 per annum. Very conveniently situated. A. B. MARTIN.

50 or 60 Head of Shorthorn Cattle.

Consisting of cows and a number of nursing calves, one 3-year-old bull and 2-year-old geldings. Milk cows will be given preference.

47-Jm G. W. RIFFE, Halls Gap, Ky.

TRADE.—Credit of 4 months on bonds with goods received, bearing 6 percent interest from day of sale.

47-Jm G. W. RIFFE, Halls Gap, Ky.

SALE OF PERSONALTY.

As Adm'r. of Bennett Floyd, dec'd., I will sell his late residence on

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1885.

ABOUT—

50 or 60 Head of Shorthorn Cattle.

Consisting of cows and a number of nursing calves, one 3-year-old bull and 2-year-old geldings. Milk cows will be given preference.

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SALE OF PERSONALTY.

As Adm'r. of Bennett Floyd, dec'd., I will sell his late residence on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1885.

—The President assisted by —

A Corps of Efficient Instructors,

IN PARADISE

THE MADMAN'S RECKLESS, FANATICAL FOLLOWERS ARE REWARDED

With All the Serious Pleasures That the Heart of Mortal Man Can Conceive— Eternal Existence and Happiness Immeasurable

[Read in Telegraph.]

Nor, perhaps, could the maddest better encourage the sinking spirits of men encamped with but scanty shelter and a still more scanty companion, out upon the burning, eye-searing deserts of the Sudan, overwrought with dæmons driven along by the fiercer khums, the stinging hamartian, dry granular foot, alkaline water their drink, and dreary miseries and wounds and death their only stay? That prophet ill sustains his lonely call who finds not heavens to suit the taste of all? And Mohamed and "Mammon Accused, his servant," it must be confessed, have found one very suitable indeed to be a taste of Arabatok. Their songs and their speech are filled with pleasure significant of the yearning of those wild sons of a sterile land for the pleasures of green trees, sweet smelling flowers and bubbling water. Religion offers them, these men of hard lives and stern work—as the supreme delight of the after world—the luxury of Hades.

They are not even to take the trouble to turn up their belts of roses to eat and drink, for exquisite beings, blessed with perfections graced, will always be at their side to offer them and they want before they can even ask for it. Too fruitfully bend down to their lips, the fountains of exquisite delights rise to them. They are never to grow older than the prime of manhood, and if they do, no, never, no never, all through the cycles of immortality, stir an inch from the spot where angelic arms, carrying each man in the battle-field, have laid him down on the perfumed sword under the feet of the true. No more cause to draw. No more mirth to shoot them hence and pony, impulsive yesterdays, and sacred usages. The birds even, in the longings are prone to sing innumerable fashion. No surpising clamorous song will be heard there. The arboreal choir will all be beautiful nightingales, singing through well, as it were, the softest whisperings of melody that shall never be the same long enough for the listener to recognize a tune twice.

The perfumes, in the same way, will glide imperceptibly from one fragrance to another, and enchant turn with the new and exquisite. The sherds will be nectareous blends of all the hydrosomes, somas, and meads that past have dovel for happy heroes in the "Gates of Rest" and "Elysian Field" and are to pass by subtle transmigrations from rose to pomegranates and from citron to date; from orange to grape, and so on through all the propulsions and berries of paradise created. Heavens! with such fruits as these have worked miracles with such as "tempted Eve," such as the champions of Carthaginian known, as the pilgrims found in the Master's garden, as heroes and gods have striven for—the apples of bliss and immortality. The hours, too—"the darkened mists above"—even they are not to weary the eye by monotony. Sixty is the smallest allowance, the "half-rations" as it were of a common ordinary sort of true beauty.

In exceptional cases they are to be numbered by hundred counting at the wits of their possessors or they will change their age, their features, and their ways. It is not enough that they shall teach to perfect way, Ten to think of the upward to all this, the pure, the goodness of thick foliage overtopped, and growth thrice and above all, interlaced, paradise-like; it is no wonder then that the maddest here reigned from the dredging of her bosom to her den only to march right in the deepest Sudan, escaped from the tyrant of pestiferous masters to fall into the uncharitable prison of a despotic leader, should go to their deaths lightly.

They believe with a stern faith every iota of the promises of future pleasures held out to them, and on that belief gladly stake the wretchednesses of their life and risk the brief agony of death on the battle-fields. "Faith, frenzied faith, once wedded firm and fast."

To some here falsehood bags fit to last,

And those who were in the Sudan

are amply testifying to the amazing, bold, wily, reckless ness and disregard of pain

with which these others chargeing on

charging on to their fate.

The truth is, they looked beyond the British squares of the great groves of paradise. They, like the great bayonet, before them was not fitting to the reason of the great ones they could not offend for them. In most of them the low-rolling smoke of the cannon, dull masses of men, lagging, and crouching in immobility motion. But further and visible only to the eyes of those crushing fanaticism, were the rattling of robes of grass, the shrill roar of galloping animals. High close on hand were the dusky rear of the artillery, the pitiless assault, the fierce clamber of men giving and receiving death; but above it all, the ear of the trumpet, however, quivered by the mortal and mightiest sweet-sounding of the human voice, the numberless voices of the multitude, the babbles of the fountain of Zam Zam, the whirling curves of those hidden pearls of the earth.

So they came on in a hull together, of sudden parting, or even trying to meet the death when Davis prepared. Out from the bush, and from broken rocks, they came on, one figure, 100 hundred implacable. What if they fail? It was in itself hard that had to be done. Success was achieved. Or, if they reached their haven, and drove the rebels home, then they would have been before their friends, and the greater was the gain, all the larger was the chance of eternal life. The rebels of Islam have always known how to arm themselves of this intense confidence in the immediate possession of paradise. Mohamed himself never failed to employ it to the utmost, and his success, so many a field of victory have proved its potency.

The Moors see his reward actually within his arms length. If he only to strike, and then die, he is lost, and if he does nothing he is doubly secure. The lives of such men are, after all, but dull processes. Their language, their phisical ability, prove that they feel this themselves. They do not give life as a proof of their existence, but are ready to throw it away. "Allah's will be done" and there is an end of it. The more practical a poet of the infidelity, the fact that his forces are changing to be allowed to go. Men, we shall probably, in a month later, for in the Moors' eyes the performance of "the greater of rights" is as safe a passport to paradise.

For the present, however, it is enough to have noticed this strange phenomenon of such an appeal in those latter days of history, and to have hinted at the pathos which underlies it. Here fighting in the Sudan under sun that is torrid, in the middle of a country brought to the uttermost of famine by three years of war, we had a military leader calling upon his troops to strike him, and to burn the further fort with the promise of shady trees and cool water. They are not to strike for a country, or for sovereign, or for God, but for refreshing draughts and the smiles of the hours of heaven. And this suffices.

BRILLIANTS FROM BROWNING.

Measure your mind's height by the simple test cast!

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures.

Boasts two soul-sisters, one to face the world with,

One to show a woman when he loves her.

—[One Word More.]

All great works in this world spring from the ruins.

Of greater projects ever on our earth,

Men block out Babels to build Babylon.

—[Return of the Druses.]

The common problem yours, mine, every

Is—not to fancy what were fair in life

Provided it could be—but finding that

What may be, then find how to make it fair

Up to our means.

—[Bishop Blougram's Apology.]

This is the spray the bird cling to,

Making blossoms with pleasure,

Eric the bright tropic who sang to

Fit for his love and her treasures.

O, what a hope beyond measure

Was the poor spray, which the flying feet

Hunting to.

So to be singled out, built in a sun to

—[Misconceptions.]

COL. FRED AND THE THIEF.

How Fred Gran finished the Purloiner

of an old Lady's Pocket-Book.

["Boston" in New York Times.]

In an up-town restaurant, a few nights ago, a company of gentlemen sat chatting over their cigars as they listened to the music. Of course the name of Goa, Grant was mentioned, and more than one good story was told to the old commander's credit. One of the party who had been listening without saying much finally broke in: "I don't know much about the general," he said, "but I know that he's got a son who is true blue; I mean Fred Grant." No, I never saw him in my life; but all the same I know what I am talking about when I say that he is just one of the manifest fellows that ever breathed. He was on a Washington express train coming over to New York one day a half a dozen years ago.

The cars were crowded and he shared his seat with an old woman who got on the trolley at Baltimore. At Wilmington he left her to go into the smoker, and the train was drawing into the old West Philadelphia station when he returned to his seat away in the rear of the coach. The old lady whom he had left discovered in the aisle clutching at her coat at the flying coat-tails of a burly man who, making a bolt for the car door, was dragging her after. Fred Grant was at her side in a trice. "He has my money," exclaimed the excited woman; "he has my money; he's a thief!"

Fred made a grab at the coat tail, but just in advance of his grip the coat tail went flying out of the door, young Grant close after. Into the station went both men. Once Fred Grant's hand was full upon the follow, but the Gasser blood was up at the highest pitch and instead of laying hold of the sealawag Fred suddenly planted himself firmly on the oil plank walk and then with a dash that was simply chain lightning out went his boot, once, twice, thrice, right under that flying coat tail with thuds that fairly echoed to the roof. It was just as if a pile driver had struck that flying gentry, and he span through the air like a demoralized football on the polo grounds. Yes, he escaped; but, gentlemen, as deserved every cent that he got. A dozen times the sun couldn't have settled for necessary repairs.

The old lady—her tears were dried. That young man took care of her right through to New York, and when he got her in a cab to send her to her destination here a roll of bills went into her handbag. And when she begged him to tell her his name so that she could make good his loss, this is what he said: "On one condition—that you'll never talk to anybody about what I've had the chance to do for you to-day." And, gentlemen, she never did talk about it, though the card he gave her she kept as one of her choicest treasures. She died now, and I guess there is no harm in breaking her pledge. That woman was my mother. That is how I know and what I know about Fred Grant."

Fillingster in the Senate.

[Edmund Alton in St. Nicholas.]

We had an unmerciful filibuster in

my day. I remember one night when a

great contest in the Senate over a certain bill culminated in twenty hours of work!

The majority had determined that they

would "sit the bill" out that night.

Sethby assembled in force, ready to pounce.

Some of them have trades or professions,

but seem to be victims of bad luck. And luck is simply a constitutional weakness,

as a rule, as far as my observation goes.

A man will have bad luck at anything,

if he goes at anything he ain't fitted for,

and a gull many don't seem to be fitted for

amounting to much in this world. They

often ask me about getting a job, or

whether it would pay to advertise for a

position. I don't generally give them much

encouragement in that direction. I tell

them the way to get a job is to get out and

rustle for it. But the world runs like

in their lexicons, as a rule, I guess. If a

man has a trade I tell him to go from shop

to shop until he finds a job. If he simply

wants a job 'at anything' I tell him to go

around to where they are digging canals or

stamps, or anything of that sort, and ask

every boy for work, and to keep going until

he finds it.

It is surprising how many men there are

who can't take care of themselves.

Arab, it is the average street Arab. If I run

across one of these shabby-genteel fellows,

looking for something soft, it does me good

to tell him to a man, to get out and take

off his coat and go to work at the first thing

he finds. Some of them come here day

afterday for a long while, look over the

paper, and perhaps answer an ad once in a while, and then simply disappear until the

next morning. Suddenly he'll be coming

again, and I'll wonder what luck he's having; and then, perhaps, I'll see him at work again, where or meet him with a lunch basket on

the street."

Do people, as a rule, get what they want this way?" inquired the reporter.

"Well, that's all owing to what they want.

As a rule, yes. Sometimes they might as well save their trouble but often they get

more than they want.

I have known of a number of instances

where \$200 or \$300 answers were received.

Sometimes a man will advertise for a boy

or man to take care of a horse, or a similar

job that anybody can do, and he'll find a

regular mob at his store or office in the

morning. A firm cut in Dakota sent an ad

advertisement to run a few days some time

ago, calling for a workman of some kind,

and in a day or two they wrote in to take

on the end, as they didn't want to hire a private

secretary. Then again, some people are too hard to suit. A man here advertised

for a boy to help him, and he got a

young boy to help him, but the boy

wasn't wanted.

Sometimes smart business schemes lie

under very innocuous-looking ads. Of course we die doing anything that we know to be fraudulent or objectionable in any way.

The other day a young man came in with an ad saying that three bull dogs were wanted on the central fire hall by the chief of the fire department. I said, "What?" and he reconsidered. Once in a while a very young fellow will tender an offer of a company to a young lady of refinement, or something of that sort, "old boy," etc.—but they are promptly rejected.

The world was the signal for action.

"Call up the senator," cried Senator Logan.

"Call up the senator!" came from Senator Terrell.

This is how we page called.

Each in word round robin through

the various rooms and give one of those

sleeping senators a little tap, shouting,

"Yesss and nooo," and dart away to find the next. Sometimes a dozen pages would begin before senator.

In fact, we shall give you the secret of

success, the secret of the performance.

That is how I know and what I know about Fred Grant.

"I notice that a good many are followed

by private addresses," observed the reporter.

"Yes, a good many don't like to be

stuck out before the public, as it were, with their name, residence, and address that they want this or that, and so we give them a card, with a certain letter and number, enclosing them to anything for that address first at the office. Generally, though, it is a matter of how many they, or to whom they, or anyone else, will be interested in this information.

The reporter gets the move on them, you see.

Nearly every day somebody comes to the office inquiring if it means somebody in this office. If it happens to be R. T. the want

room, I address their letters that way;

or, if it's M., they write a box 5, instead

of simply "B.S." Take it all around, we

are considerate to smile and nod,

entitling them to anything for that address

first at the office. Generally, though, it is

a matter of how many they, or to whom they,

or anyone else, will be interested in this

information.

The Revised Version in England.

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